

holiday, oh holiday

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by [GenOfEve](#)

Summary

George has given up on ever seeing the face of his best friend. Which is probably for the best.

At least, that's what he told himself, until Dream booked a ticket to the UK for New Years.

december 30th

Chapter Summary

Seeing his best friend was something that George had given up on.

Chapter Notes

happy new year everyone!!! this is just gonna be like two chapters of idiots being in love and then having that delicious New Years kiss (finally)

(not rated yet in case i give in and just write porn HAHA)

without further ado - here is chapter one!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Seeing his best friend was something that George had given up on.

He wouldn't lie, and say it wasn't upsetting. It was.

But, after so much time, so many opportunities twisted, and far too many nights lost to insomnia and his racing thoughts and aching, he had to accept it.

It was never going to happen.

This acceptance had come some time ago, and the fact that Dream had shown his face to others, yet still not him, had cemented that acceptance in with a hard, uncomfortable force, that left George cold and bitter.

He tries not to think about it too often, the key word being *try*.

He thinks he'll likely bring in the new year still bitter about it, and the thought weighs heavily upon him, like iron shackles holding him in place, or breeze blocks tied to his limbs, sinking him further into the depths of his own emotions, his uncomfortable, stirring feelings that he's tried so hard to push down, push away.

He tries not to think about it.

But, as he stares at Dream's profile picture, zoned out and lost, he's thinking about it now.

Dream's voice brings him back, jolting him away from his drowning mind.

"—you there?"

"Yeah, sorry," George chuckles, scratches at his face awkwardly, "I spaced out for a second. Thinking about, uh— about New Years."

It's not exactly a lie.

"About that, actually," George hears Dream straighten up in his chair, the way he does before broaching an important topic, or in the heat of an argument, "Your plans haven't changed since I asked last, have they?"

"Because you can totally call staying at home *plans*," George scoffs, rolls his eyes, "But no, they haven't. Same as every year."

"Okay good, because— You know, uh— I was wondering, if—" Dream's words are rushed, excited yet tinged with nerves, and George listens earnestly, "If maybe, you'd wanna spend it with me?"

George raises an eyebrow, leans forward to rest his hand on his palm, chews it over.

"What, like, on call? I mean, I don't see why n—"

"No, no— I mean, I guess that's fine but like..." Dream hesitates, trails off a moment, and George waits patiently for his friend to push through whatever anxiety he carries, "I could, like, come to the UK."

George blinks.

Stares.

Processes.

Blinks again.

“... What?”

“I bought a plane ticket,” Dream says with a nervous laugh, “I get in on the 30th. Surprise?”

“You’re messing with me,” George exclaims, covers his face with his hands with a groan, “There’s no way— Dream, you won’t even *FaceTime* me. Why the *hell* would you come here?”

“I mean— Well, I, I figured that— Maybe...” Dream’s fumbling trails off and he sighs, and the soft notes of *hurt* register within George’s head, “I can always get a refund, like, if you really don’t —“

The reality of the situation sets in.

“Dream— Wait, no, no— That’s not what I—“ George cuts himself off as he laughs in disbelief, in annoyance at himself for upsetting his friend, “If this *isn’t* a joke, please— definitely come, I’m just...”

In shock?

Confused?

Suddenly having to deal with a lot of emotions about his best friend that he really thought he was doing a good job of ignoring?

“It’s not a joke, I *swear*, I just— I thought it would be better, like, if you saw me in person for the first time, you know?” Dream is still rambling nervously, stuttering over his words and George wonders what in the *world* he has to be so nervous about, “You’re special, and I— I wanted it to be special, and I— I have this cool hotel room booked for us— like, it’s got a view and everything — because you said you don’t do anything, so I thought maybe we could—“

“Dream!” George basically has to shout over him to get him to *stop for a second*, *Jesus*, but there’s no heat in it and his disbelieving laughter continues, “Shut *up*, I’ll come to your silly hotel, oh my god, calm *down*, you *idiot*.”

The word ‘idiot’ comes out soft, gentle, like a breath of air, and George only hopes he won’t be *this fucking obvious* when they have to share a *hotel together*.

George agrees to meet him at the airport, so they can check in to the hotel together. Dream insists that it’s a good one, and George rolls his eyes.

The lingering, chill of bitterness seeps out of him. In its place, rests the warm embers of nerves, and something sweeter, and George forces it away, along with the uncomfortable nudge of something

dark, more sinful and tense.

When the day finally comes, and George is left waiting in the airport, he's nervous, almost sickeningly so.

What if he doesn't know what to say?

What if he says the wrong thing?

*What if he's so **obvious**?*

He picks at the stitching in the sleeve of his hoodie, and focuses on glancing at each passing face, wondering if he can guess which one is—

Oh.

That's not fair.

He can pick him out of the crowd with ease, sees him worrying his lip between his teeth as he looks around the crowded airport, a small suitcase carried in his hand.

His hair is sandy, and his skin is tanned, dotted with the occasional freckle, and George— *George*
—

George thinks that *this isn't fair, of course he's hot, of fucking course—*

He stamps the thought down, and manages to force air into his lungs to call out to his friend, just as their eyes meet.

The toothy, wide grin that stretches across Dream's face does an uncomfortable thing to the rhythm of George's heart, but his smile is contagious, and he wears his own as he approaches him, weaving through the sea of people until suddenly—

The click of Dream's suitcase handle almost shouldn't be audible in this mess, but it is as it hits the ground with force, discarded, as Dream lets it go to wrap his arms around George, and pull him in close— *so close*— against his chest.

The height difference pulls George onto the balls of his feet as he carefully, nervously, returns the hug, his thoughts bouncing along to *Dream* — the warmth of his body — *Dream* — the smell of his soap — *Dream* — the way he's *right here*.

George refuses to cry.

“Wow,” Dream steps back, and George releases a breath he didn't know he was holding, as he gives him a once over, “You *are* short.”

George splutters as Dream laughs, before he's hugging him again, softly tugging their bodies together, pressing together chest to chest, as George turns his head, subtly resting it on Dream's shoulder as something in him *stirs*.

He doesn't know how he's going to last with all this *touching*.

When Dream said the hotel had a view, George didn't think he meant of *Big fucking Ben*.

As they discard their bags onto the floor of the entryway to their room, George takes in the modern decor, of the view he can see from the open door of a bedroom, and he *loses it*.

“Dream, I am going to *murder you*,” he hisses, “How much did this *cost*?”

Dream doesn't respond, just gives him a smirk and shrugs his shoulders, a non-committal hum passing his lips as George stalks over to the bedroom, staring out at the city buildings, the rushing cars, and the famous clock tower.

He shakes his head, in disbelief that his friend would spend so *much* on them and yet—

And yet.

“There's only one bed?” He says as he turns to Dream, surprised to see him right behind him, almost close enough to touch.

“Oh, yeah, no—“ Dream gestures with his head to the door behind them, “There's a sofa bed in the lounge that I'll be taking.”

“What? No— No way, you paid for this. You take the bed.”

Dream opens his mouth to protest, his eyebrows pinching together, and George cuts him off.

“Do not— Dream, you are literally half a foot taller than me, take the bed, I won’t hear anything more.”

Dream hesitates, and George sees a glimmer of a question pass over his facial features before it’s shaken away, and Dream nods with a sigh.

“Fine, be ungrateful,” he grumbles, dramatic as ever, “See if I care.”

“Shut up.”

Dream’s flight had come in pretty late, and now, the exhaustion has settled into him nicely, leaving him lazy and pliant as George steals the last of his takeaway noodles.

“I saw that,” he murmurs, “Give it.”

“It’s in my mouth,” George says through the bite, “I really don’t think you want it.”

Dream wiggles his eyebrows at him, and George is glad he swallowed his food because he *snorts*, heat rising to his cheeks at the implication, and Dream’s tired smile, his eyes half-lidded, and his mouth just barely quirking up at the corners in gentle fondness, only makes things worse.

“You’re cute when you blush, you know.”

Dream says it so matter-of-factly, so casually, and he is completely unaware of the fire he has lit in George’s belly, and it *hurts*.

“Even cuter in person,” Dream says, a yawn tracing the edges of his words, “How does that work?”

“Because you’re sleep deprived,” George says with a laugh, but it sounds weak to his own ears.

His stomach crawls as Dream adjusts his position, laying on an angle with his legs outstretched, and lets their shoulders press against one another as he lolls his head to the side, rolling it one George’s shoulder.

“If you’re that tired, you should really go to bed,” George manages to say, despite the burning in his chest, “We’ve got all day tomorrow.”

Dream hums, and seems to slump further against George, and George feels *greedy*, as he reaches around to gently scratch at Dream’s head, his hair soft against his fingers.

It’s not enough.

George thought that seeing Dream would be enough to make sense of the stirring feelings in his

gut, that if maybe he finally got to know the face of his best friend, that it would settle all his confusion.

When that didn't work, he hoped maybe that all the *touching* Dream had been doing would finally solve it, let everything click into place, let him be *normal*.

But if anything, it seems it made it worse.

George still takes the touches, the gentle press of Dream's weight against him, the accidental brush of a hand when passing over the takeaway food, the gentle, joking punch to the shoulder he received when he'd made a sly comment.

He takes them all, and he feels like a *thief*, when each one sparks something low inside his gut, makes him lick his lips nervously as thoughts he should *not be having* cross his mind.

He thinks of Dream's hug pulling him onto his tiptoes, of his wide hands, and his mouth goes *dry* when he thinks about how earlier, Dream had walked behind him to grab something, and had gently placed his hand on the small of his back as he leaned over, and his hand had covered so *much* of his waistline.

He wants to know if Dream could pick him up.

He doesn't ask. He's not that insane, not yet.

He has to remind himself already that Dream won't be here for long. Just a few days, for the new year and some change, and then he'll be gone.

He doesn't want him to leave.

But he will, and George will make sure it's not on bad terms.

He won't fuck this up.

As Dream stands up and stretches, his t-shirt riding up as he prepares to head to bed, he glances over at George.

The glimmer of a question returns.

He opens his mouth.

He sighs, exhaling out of his nose, smiles and shakes his head, glances at the ground a moment, before back at George.

The questioning look fades, and George has never been so curious.

“Good night,” Dream says, and it’s so soft and fond that George *aches*, “George.”

The way he says his name holds him steady, and tears him apart all at once.

“Good night, Dream,” George responds as he watches his back, and thinks he might just be well and truly *fucked*.

Chapter End Notes

fighting over who gets the bed is one of the best fic tropes i will take no criticism on that

love you guys, and i hope 2021 is kinder to you!!

i hoped you liked this!!

december 31st

Chapter Summary

He smirks over his drink and George hates the way that it looks, hates the way it causes his stomach to crawl, hates the way it makes his cheeks flush as he stares down into his cup to avoid being caught.

Chapter Notes

i did not make them do the deed (this time) and i get to keep my teen rating

or is this mature

i really have no idea how ratings work on ao3

ANYWAY HELLO HAPPY NEW YEAR HERE IS MY GRAND FINALE OF
DRUNK NEW YEAR MAKEOUTS

pops confetti

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The sofa bed isn't exactly uncomfortable persay, but when George wakes up in the early afternoon, there's still an awkward knot in the muscles between his neck and his shoulder blade.

He's rubbing at it with one hand as he stands behind the island in the kitchen, and pouring cereal into the bowl with his other, frowning while carefully trying to work out the knot without causing himself too much pain, but the angle is strange and unfamiliar, and he struggles to nudge at the kink in the right spots.

"I did tell you to take the bed, idiot."

The husky timbre of Dream's morning voice startles him, and he drops the box of cereal onto the counter. It falls onto one of it's corners, before toppling over completely, spilling cereal pieces across the counter.

For a moment, George wonders why he exists.

Dream chuckles, and suddenly, there's a hand nudging George's away, replacing it. A thumb digs

into the sore, swollen area of tissue, hard enough to apply pressure, but gentle enough to not cause pain.

The spilt cereal is forgotten, and George's eyes flutter shut, and he *sighs*.

"God, that's *perfect*."

Dream's thumb freezes in the middle of pushing gentle circles, and there's a shaky clearing of a throat before it resumes.

"Yeah, well— sports," He's stumbling through his words again, and George is lost as to why, "Got a lot of injuries, had to learn how to ease them, it's— yeah."

George hums a small moan when he changes angle, and Dream's hand stutters once more, but it doesn't freeze. George hears him swallow.

"Uh, I was wondering, I know we're, like, sight-seeing today, but," he stops massaging out the knot, moves next to George to clear up the cereal despite his protests, popping a piece in his mouth absentmindedly as he goes, "What did you wanna do for tonight? New Years Eve and all that, so, I'm thinking drinks?"

George rubs at the knot, blinks in surprise when he doesn't feel any pain, and ponders.

"Uh, I'm not really much of a going out type," he admits shyly, finally pouring milk into the cereal bowl, "But if you wanna do that I'm happy to—"

"Oh, no, no way," Dream laughs, leaning forward on the counter, "I meant like— Here. I grabbed a bottle of vodka from the duty free store at the airport, so, all we'd need are mixers."

He grins up at George, who is currently trying, and failing, to not stare at the way his arms look as he leans on the counter.

He takes a peek in between bites of cereal.

When he looks back up, Dream's still grinning at him, but it's different, more sly, confident and cocky, like he *knows something*.

"Are you *staring* at me?"

George jams the next bite into his mouth with such force the spoon *clicks* against his teeth.

He turns away, ignores Dream's laughter.

"You blush *all* the way down your neck, Georgie," he can hear the grin in his words, "You *can't* hide from me."

"I *think*," George bangs the cereal bowl down on the counter, desperate to change the subject, "That drinking in the fancy hotel, is a great idea. *You* can pay for all the damages."

Dream laughs as George folds his arms, still flushed with heat at being *caught*.

“Well that’s great, we can watch—“ Dream cuts himself off with a short hum, thoughtful and concerned, “Wait, do you even *like* watching fireworks?”

The confusion chases away the heat, and he glances over, raises an eyebrow at Dream.

“What? Why wouldn’t I?”

“Because of the whole...” Dream gestures aimlessly, “You know, *thing*.”

“What thing?”

The more George presses, the more flustered Dream begins to get, clearly regretting whatever it is he’s implied as he shifts on his feet, looks over at the *decorative* clock that doesn’t even *work*.

“Uh—“

“Oh my god,” it clicks, and George laughs, “Because I’m colourblind, right?”

George laughs harder when Dream seems to *shrink*, burying his face in his hands, his tan skin flushing darker in embarrassment.

“Shut up, oh my—“

“You’re *so* cancelled,” George says between laughs, as he leans on the counter to stabilise himself, “I can see the headlines, “*Colourblind people can’t enjoy fireworks, according to—“*”

“Stop!” Dream whines, stretching out the ‘o’ sound, muffled by his hands as he hides his face further.

George can see the darkness that spreads across his skin, and he takes his chance, takes a risk, takes a gamble.

“I’d love to watch the fireworks with you, Dream.”

His voice is soft, and if he’s right, then—

Dream’s face stays buried in his hands, every muscle in his body frozen, before he lowers them carefully. His cheeks are clearly darker as he clears his throat and looks away, and if George had to guess, he’d bet they’d be pink in colour, contrasting with his sun-kissed appearance.

“Oh, uh— Well, that’s great, because, you know, we’ve got the— uh, the view of Big Ben, and— yeah.”

He’s stumbling again.

George feels like he's just unearthed *gold*.

He can make Dream react like that?

It's a thought that he can't shake all day, and throughout dragging Dream around London, he had picked up on it more and more.

He'd copied Dream's mannerisms, given little touches here and there, leaned against him playfully like he would to him, and each time, results were the same as they were in the kitchen.

The same as how *George* sometimes reacted.

Only, he thinks with a hot bite of shame, *not as intense*.

The thought still lingers long after the sun has gone down, and he chases it away with vodka, laughing at the jokes Dream makes, or the way he casually he just says "*oops*" after he spills a drink on the carpet, before continuing his story, the colour seeping it and staining it the same dark shade of brown as the cola mixers.

"Dream," George protests despite his laughter, "We're gonna get in *trouble*, stop!"

"It's no big deal," he shrugs, grins, sips at the leftovers of his spilt drink, "Like you said, I'm paying for damages."

He smirks over his drink and George *hates* the way that it looks, *hates the way it causes his stomach to crawl, hates the way it makes his cheeks flush as he stares down into his cup to avoid being caught once more*.

"Oh *shit*, we only have, like, *minutes* left of the year," Dream suddenly scrambles, stumbling only slightly as he rushes over to the freezer, retrieving the vodka.

"You're absolutely going to spill it on the bed," George says with a grin as he stands up to follow, wobbly on his legs, "And I'm going to *laugh*."

"If that happens," Dream says, as he uncaps the bottle, taking a swig, drunk enough to only wince at the burn and not splutter, "You better make room for me on that sofa-bed."

George scoffs through the heat on his cheeks, blames it on the alcohol flush as he snags the bottle from Dream, taking a swig of his own on his way toward the bedroom.

“Like you’d fit,” he grins over his shoulder, “You’re so *tall*.”

His tone is a little too fond when he mentions it, but his head is cloudy, and he doesn’t care, loves the thrill it gives him being able to flirt back for once, *and not melt into a puddle of heat and nerves during it, Jesus*, and he loves the way Dream stares at him after.

The lamps in the room are off, but the city lights glow from behind the glass, illuminating the room perfectly as George sits on the bed, crossing his legs and taking another swig as Dream follows suit.

“This view must have cost you.”

“Like I said, I wanted it to be special,” Dream murmurs, “*You’re* special.”

George rolls his eyes, but his skin is *burning* despite the cool temperature of the room, even with the heat on, and the comment sinks low into his belly with an uncomfortable prickle.

“You can’t just *say* that.”

“You are!” Dream grins, the bottle slipping from his hands to the sheets between them, the cap thankfully on, “You’re *special*, and you’re *funny*, and you’re *pretty*—“

George has no words.

He just smiles back at Dream, before drunkenly leaning forward, resting their foreheads against one another, leaving it there as he chuckles.

Eventually, his giggles die down, and his eyes have fluttered shut.

He doesn’t want this to end.

“George,” Dream murmurs, grounding him as he floats away into his mind, pulling him back down to earth, and George pulls away slightly to look up at him, flushing at the intensity of the gaze that pins him.

He jolts when Dream’s hand cups the side of his face.

It’s so gentle, careful and cautious, but the sensation it leaves is *electric*. George’s skin *burns* where Dream touches him, and his body prickles with *want*.

He can't help leaning into it, looking away, looking down, shy and uncertain.

"George," Dream murmurs again, voice low enough to rumble and George's breath *shakes*, "Look at me."

He shakes his head. He *can't*.

"Why?"

"Because it's not *fair*," he admits, the vodka leading his direction, "What you do to me."

There's a pause, and George is *really* glad he's drunk, because he would have *absolutely* panicked by now. He figures he can blame the alcohol if things go south.

"Tell me what I do," Dream whispers, and with the same adoring care, his thumb slips from where it caresses George's cheek, slips down and sideways, brushing the corner of George's lips, leaving a trail of burning heat, of *want*, of *desire*.

And he can't even *speak*. He holds his breath as Dream's thumb presses on the centre of his bottom lips.

The alcohol takes hold once more. He parts his lips and *licks*—

Dream is breathless when he swears, when he tugs his thumb away slowly, pressing it back against George's cheek.

"I think," Dream says, his hand shaking, "That you have no idea what *you* do to *me*. What you look like— *God*."

Outside, a row of cheers can be heard. The countdown is about to begin.

"What do I look like?" He asks, closing his eyes again, fidgeting at the way his pulse is *rocketing*, at the way he can feel something dark, something lustful, *uncurling* in the pit of his stomach.

"You look beautiful," Dream whispers, "You look, *so beautiful*, and I can't *take it*."

He can hear people beginning to count, yelling excitedly from the streets below.

"Take what?" He murmurs, turning his head to nervously press his lips against the palm of

Dream's hand.

“How much I wish you were *mine*.”

The possessive tone sparks a *fire*, and he decides to be *brave*, when he asks—

“What if I want to be?”

As the countdown ends, and streets cry out for a happy new year, George feels the bed dip as Dream shifts, the vodka bottle rolling and thudding against his knees.

A breath washes over his face, the tang of alcohol and the syrup of cola flavouring it smoothly, as the hand cupping his face lifts his jaw slightly.

They kiss to the sound of the new year, of people celebrating and fireworks exploding, high up in the sky, the smell of gunpowder hanging in the air. George can taste the vodka on Dream's tongue as it slides against his own, and it ignites him.

He uncrosses his legs, shifts onto his knees and surges forward, sliding his hands up, up over Dream's chest, over his broad shoulders and up his neck to tangle his fingers in sandy blonde locks, deepening the kiss.

Dream's hand slips under his hoodie, grazes his bare skin, and he can't help the *moan* he gives at the burning, prickling feeling of sheer *desperation* it leaves.

Dream chuckles as he rests his hands on George's waist, steadying the both of them as they breathe heavily, the fireworks loud above their heads.

“Happy new year, George.”

Dream's voice is *wrecked*, and yet he still manages to sound so adoring, so kind through all his obvious craving.

George laughs, breathless.

“Happy new year, Dream.”

pops champagne

and then they fuck off screen because i still can't write penis without getting flustered

maybe this'll be my year, kids

hope u enjoyed!!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!